

*From John C. Burton*

UNC

York Destrict, S.C.

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we have Bowel Affection or Flux with us our Child has been Bad Jack Said that he had it but From his conduct I dont believe that he had Edmon has Somthing like Fever Lewis the Chils and Fever and we all or Nearly All have the worst kind of Colds we finished Cutting Wheat on the last day of June we have A bout 1500 Dozen and it is all Fair wheat our Oats will be on the last of this week our Corn and Cotten is Going Tolerable well Considering the Nites is so Cold we have one Meadowe cut and part of it put up the balance Will be haled when it cures I have laid by some Corn it is Small but has its due of work we Are Sufering A Great deal for the want of rain We have Cold Nites and dry winday days their has been A nother hail Storm A bout Masons Ferry which beet the Young Corn pretty bad we Had a little Hear but done no damage on last week

Our Smoak house has been robed dug under it and Taken out Six peaces of meet and a bout twenty pounds Off lard I serched the houses found some Lard but No meet I found the lard in Jacks house Jack and I have had a falling out Jack said that he would kill me and Maid the attempt Tobe interferd him and Ann had a fite and I was going to whip Ann and commenced and Jack run up with his hands Full of rock and Swore that he would kill me and When I left the field he Started and was going to wai lai the road for me I was Not prepaired For him but am Now and if I get in reach Off him I will fix him so that any boddie can Take him he is run a way but I understand That he is at the Doctors I went to see the Dr This Morning but he was Not at home I told You Honestly and fair A bout Jack and You thought That 20 lashes and that over his close would answer The present Matter will have to be attended to At Once or You will be put to cost and Also loss I dont intend to be run over by Your Negroes Nor no one elses I have taken More from Your Negroes than I ever taken befour and More Than I ever will A gain and I told you a bout it and You Seem to treat it as a Small Matter And when they run away from me they go to the Docter and their they Stay in Sted of him Whiping them and sending them back to work They must stay and work for him and such as that will Spoil any Negro in the world If I dont treat Your hands write Just employ Some One else I am perfectly willing if its tomorrowe For they are the Most